

minded creatures as this crow, by the way, are generally those who have not only—if the truth could only be brought home to them—run the gamut of earthly pleasures, but by violating Nature's laws have destroyed their capacity for further enjoyment: it is worse than a dog-in-the-manger spirit. But perhaps this particular old crow was not quite so bad as some of his kind.

"Marie"—the girl looked up and started slightly as she heard him pronounce her name—"is this all you have to say to me? is this all the welcome you have for me?"

The old crow became impatient and scratched his head vigorously with one foot.

"We might shake hands," she suggested, calmly, but with her breath coming quickly and with heightened colour in her cheeks.

She held out one hand to him timidly, but he caught both of hers—and held them.

"Ha—a, ha—a!" cawed the old reprobate up on the dead limb. Then he broke into a hoarse laugh, but pulled himself up short, and tried to look as if he had only been clearing his throat. He wanted to see the whole of the comedy.

Harry Yorke looked steadily into her eyes, and she in turn looked shyly into his as he held her in front of him.

"Marie," he said again, after an awkward pause, "do you know what has brought me here?"